BOZART

THE BI-MONTHLY POETRY REVIEW

EDITED BY ERNEST HARTSOCK



NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1928

BOX 67, STATION E, ATLANTA, GA.

PEACE AND LILACS

FROM Armistice Day, on the eleventh of November, past Thanksgiving Day, on unto Christmas, should be a season when we of the humorously-entitled Christian Nations, should take counsel together for the cause of evaluating our attitudes on peace and international good-will. Yet it is thoroughly likely that during the period, our chief concerns will remain both selfish and sentimental On Armistice Day, who will have the courage to say on the public platform: Let this day remind us of the slaughter of thousands of men through the selfishness and colossal greed of petty politicians and gluttonous capitalists? How many orators will cry out: O God of Humanity, give us clear eyes, clean hands, and valiant hearts that we may strangle forever the prodigious myth which dedicates us to the service of Mammon and Moloch? How many of our poets will stand forth for a brotherhood too large for America or for any other nation whose boundaries are those of a single race, a single people, a single creed? How many will declare themselves in fervent voices for that truth which is a destroyer of saccharine illusion and desperate artifice? Alas, only too few will protest. Yet here is a great field for poets, and a field lying pitifully fallow, while many sing of humming-birds and gossamer, lace and lilacs.

Not only is the need of nations for critics who know no master but truth, the need of every individual is for such critics. Whether the peace of the world or the progress of a single poet is concerned, either must have a critic without guile, who is, to use the phrase of Charles Kent, "loving but rigidly honest." And that critic should be every man and every woman. O let us judge ourselves, in personality, in art, and in the affairs of men with a courage and a patience truly fearless, realizing something of the real significance of this Jesus.

O let us break the shell of fear, favor, and prejudice into a broader vision of greater humanity, with a newer and diviner God whose matter and mind fills myriads of planets fearless in the eternal and infinite. . . .

In honor of the Tolstoy Centenary, we are happy to feature a poem by E. Merrill Root in this issue, entitled "To Leo Tolstoy." Among newcomers to our pages in this number are: Laurence Faulkner Hawkins of Fayetteville, Arkansas; Herman Spector of Brooklyn; A. B. Leigh of Hutchinson, Kansas; Alice Lawry Gould of Auburn, Maine; Hope Stoddard of Rosemont, Pennsylvania; Maud E. Uschold of Lacon, Illinois; Jessie Scott Arnold of Washington, D. C., and Iva Purdum Bruton, a talented poet of Memphis, Tenn. Grace Stone Coates is a well-known Montana poet. Philip M. Harding is one of the more original of the younger poets; he lives in Summit, N. J. Editha L. Watson comes from Denver, Colo., and Gladys Nolan from Antrim, New Hampshire. William Sawyer is a young Tennessee author. Glenn Rainey is a native of Atlanta, Ga. Frances Durham of Mobile, Ala., and Josephine Miles of Los Angeles, Ca., are likewise newcomers.

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*SATYR SACRAMENT

PLEASURE ISLAND

On grandmother's lacquer table
Golden kiosks
Plaster a black sky
Above hooked prows of golden boats
Sailing a black-enamelled lake.

Gilded beauties,
Prim among sprawled peonies,
Help themselves from shining wicker baskets
To aureate grapes and nectarines.

—ELLEN GLINES.

**Design for the bookplate of Harvey M. Smith of Atlanta.*

THE FIDDLER

Many and varied are the tales
Of how his fiddle's bow was made,
But someone shaped its maple neck
Whose hands were clumsy at the trade.

Yet, devil strains are in the thing
Sensuous music drunken sounds,
Such whines as come on moonlight nights
Out of the throats of lonely hounds.

There is no mellowness of tone
In any ribald song he hums:
His voice is rasping as a saw—
His curses hold the roll of drums.

But each deep line which cleaves his cheek
Grows shallow when he starts to play:
A half-smile leaves its curving trace
And drives his brooding scowl away.

His fingers, dark from stable toil
Go dancing down the web of string
And hill-folk dancing to the strains
Lose muscle-hurt and furrow-sting.

—Jay G. Sigmund.

TAKE THEN YOUR LOVERS—

Take then your lovers spent with little loves,
You women pleased with perfume or bright fan;
Feel where the pulse beneath the dull flesh moves
And find a quickened throbbing if you can.

Were the diminished breast of passion cold
After the burned-away incontinent years,
Are there not jewels and thin coins of gold
Measuring against your apathetic tears?

But as for me, my love is celibate,
Austere as alabaster lit by flame
And in his eyes were destiny and fate
On that bright day in summer when he came.

And on his silent lips the wild, sweet taste
Of new love that has never been laid waste.

—Frances R. Durham.

HELD

Ay, though the faith I knew,
Which like a young pine grew,
 Now lieth rotten,
Love swelled too long in me,
Held me too long to be
 Ever forgotten.

Though the quick pang I learned,
And the long sorrow, burned
 Deeper than curing,
Love—fallen fruit of me—
Still is the root of me
 Ever enduring.

—JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY.

UNSCARRED

Spite with mouse teeth nibbles away
 A bit of love here, and there a kernel of joy;
Spite, the rodent, has no other play
 Than to destroy.

Malice and time would have love only cheese,
 And moldy grain huddled with chaff
In a rotten sack; to scamper over and tease
 Into lint.
 I laugh

At love that is not itself innate defender
 Against notch of rodent-tooth and consuming time;
Bronze-sure core, with patina tender,
 Enduring as rhyme.

—GRACE STONE COATES.

RED HARVEST

When my low sun lights clouds of dream
 Some crones will clap their shrivelled thighs;
Recalling myths of my love-stream,
 Some young girls yield to lovers' sighs.

When seasons are my uniform,
 The flowing earth my patchwork quilt,
My bedmates doubtless will keep me warm
 And none of them will prove a jilt.

—RALPH CHEYNEY.

NIGHTOWL

there are snow and somewhat frost however
outside with the white streets and wind.
the clock tinnily interrupts tolling 2 or 3 times,
and the old man's snoring is a recurrent bur-zzz.
here between ceiling and floor at the foot of the
stairs
I pause,
reconsider suicide
attenuated loneliness reaches for finality of death,
the patterns of life grow inept on the carpet.
today and now the clock ticks
the telephone is silent and hopeful
doors are slightly ajar.
tomorrow will certainly annoy me.
tomorrow will be somebodys wakeful cough in
the still house;
spying on me, suspicious.
I will kill myself before I am eaten up
by the invidious stares of lepers.
a door opens on its hinge with a burglar's creak.
this house is rotten with evil
sweating with suspicions,
fear
and the wind drones, winds, blows outside.
the old man's snore is a violent complaint.
time for death.

—Herman Spector.

GIDEON BEFORE TROY

Beleaguered cities dissipate their strength
Resisting conquest of the king of pain;
And famines of the heart devour at length
Golden resource of fruit and russet grain.
The garnering of niggard years becomes
In sudden days a residue of chaff:
Then shall the shudder of the plundering drums
Beat down the battlements while trumpets
laugh.

With regimental music of a clock
Decay plays Sinon to each Jericho;
And true to Peter every treacherous rock
Obeys the chanticleer of overthrow.
So furl your heart for splendid slavery:
None but the conquered are supremely free.

—Ernest Hartsock.

DITMAR.

He was a carpenter and wise in wood.
He knew fine panelling and understood
How to detect veneering by a glance
Under an eyebrow bushy and askance,
To show where ancient front joined modern back
By running a rough thumb along a crack.
His silver spectacles and moonlight face
Went doddering about his dusty place,
The while he hummed in his low rusty voice
That was half music and half bumbling noise.
But when exhorted in the modern way
To hurry through a job without delay
He scowled and turned aside. Short, stubborn, old,
He wrapped his hands within his apron fold
And with his shoulders hunched about his ears
Endured threads, goads, cajoleries and tears.
He had small use for haste, but gave his heart
To make consummate carpentry an art.

—Dorothy Collins Alyea.

VESTAL

Odor of honeysuckle
across her face
the moon
exerting its magic
afar
the wail of violins.

Veiled in innocence
she steeps herself
in this mystery
the world
drifts from her
as she remembers
what never was.

—Editha L. Watson.

SALESMEN ALL

The street-walkers are no worse than the rest of us:
Every one is a prostitute;
Every good thing is prostituted
—for one must live!

—Laurence Faulkner Hawkins.

IN MATHEMATICS

Now in the darkest interval of night
Corpse-still we lie; corpse-still we work to fathom
The crystal domes of space and grains of light
And the precise filaments of cosmic rhythm.

If, lying here, we are the naked core
Of nothingness—are our immote expansions
The craftmanship of endless dreaming? Or,
If not, what levels border our dimensions?

And do we know: as there was no beginning,
Thus, in true reason, there can be no end
Nor alteration to the infinite spinning? . . .
This thing we know—yet never comprehend.

Here is a great suspended silence! Bars
Of undulation thunder down, though never
A sound were we not swimming where the stars
Are milestones on the rivers of forever.

Oh, never sound nor any sense at all
Were the quintessence of our lonely fire
The increment of dream—and we should fall
Like minor notes struck quickly from Death's lyre.

Then do we go . . . For we shall never see
What we have seen, again. There is no end,
No crystal domed or walled infinity,
Ever we know—yet never comprehend.

—PHILIP M. HARDING.

SUPERNATURAL

Body will be
Broken in bits;
Lost irretrievably.

If Soul must swim
Like an eel, in the air,
A soft, webby thing
With a queer eye somewhere,

Then I had rather not
Have immortality;
Rather be graveyard rot
Than abnormality.

—GLADYS NOLAN.

"WHEN I AM DISCONTENTED WITH MY HOUSE"—*Emerson*

When I am discontented with my house
Because it lies upon a dusty road
Yet almost sinks in marshy land for grouse
And waterfowl more fitting an abode,—
When I am discontented, I go out
Into the house of morning or of night
Where majesty and beauty all about—
Transcendent architects! — have planned aright
The whole proportion, setting, color, line.
The moon, supreme apologist, will make
Palmyra of this sordid street of mine;
What matter where I eat and sleep and wake?
My house is space marked off by wooden walls,
My home, the broad world's blue celestial halls.

—May Williams Ward.

WIVES

The vision he was burdened of,
A sculptor carved with cunning art:
Marble relented to his love,
As into it he wrought his heart.

Her face grew pasture for his thought;
His soul was anchored in her smile.
The legend tells how marble caught
His finely burning fire awhile.

He lost himself, who sought to save;
(To save, perhaps himself alone?)
Till she was master; he, the slave;
Till she was living; he, the stone.

One night this statue, on a whim,
Puzzled by rapture of his breath,
Yielded, drew close, embracing him
They found him later, crushed to death.

—Louis Ginsberg.

PEACE

Welcome the storm that wakes you from your sleep;
Endure the torch that sets your soul on fire.
True peace is but a God-wrought discontent
That lifts the spirit upward in desire.

—William Sawyer.

NOT WITHOUT HONOR SAVE—

My pen conceived and brought forth Truth.
Proud sire was I, this was my child;
Stark nakedness with form uncouth
I claimed as mine and fondly smiled.

With warp of words and woof of rhyme
I wove the clothes my child should wear,
(It was not work but joy sublime,)
It was but homespun and yet fair.

Thus clothed, my offspring fully grown
Set forth into the world of men
Unflinchingly and quite alone,
Born to my name and from my pen.

By friends ignored, by foes reviled,
From strangers welcome came at length,
For though no beauty graced my child
They knew his homespun covered strength.

—Iva Purdum Bruton.

GOLD INTERLUDE

Green is much of spring
And silver is half of summer,
But gold beaten thin with a hammer
Is all of autumn.

Golden is everything:
Scuppernong, pumpkin, and quince;
Pears firm-breastedly dance
Dripping myrrh and geranium.

Apples holler *hello,*
Syllables balmy and amber
Like cider or pleasure or slumber
Or cows' fresh breath.

Wind-drunk upon yellow
Cornshocks topple and stagger;
Blackbird sings like a nigger
In the gold meadow.

Gold is madder than mellow:
It is dollars and glory and sugars,
Ivory and roses and tigers . . .
And somehow terribly death.

—Ernest Hartsock.

TO LEO TOLSTOI

Your life was like the Colosseum where
One day the legions marched superb in bronze,
Bearing the eagles to the trumpets' blare,
Their helmets flashing like fierce dancing suns,
Crying their "Hail to Caesar!" . . . and next day
Where they had marched, the stronger martyr stood
Till the lions leaped with manes like golden spray
And the great teeth met hot in Christian blood.

The shaggy goat-God, Pan—the thorn-crowned Christ—
Had each his hour: you knew the life each gave:
Before you spirit was our Eucharist,
You knew all this world gives of bright and brave.
Christ stood upon the mountain when he saw
The Kingdoms of the World; but you possessed
Those Kingdoms once—your genius won you awe,
And wealth, and power, and all the world calls best.

Upon the mountain-summit of your years,
Crowned with acclaim you stood—and turned away
From easy lies that comfort evil ears—
Turned to the men whom easy lies betray.
You spoke the truth we hate: you were an oak
Strong and unbowed upon the stormy hills—
A tree that thru the sod and centuries broke—
A steadfast tree that only lightning kills.

In the dumb midnight hour of the soul
You were a trumpet sounding truth and scorn;

Your words were golden roaring suns that roll
Routing the shadows, ripening the corn.
You loomed a holy and Himalayan peak,
Your height companioned by the terrible stars:
You asked strong hearts of all who dared to seek
A sanctuary mid your torrent-scars.

Simple and elemental, like a tree,
A sun, a mountain, you bade men return
From the brain's riddles to life's verity—
The wisdom that mere wit can never learn.
From lyric children crying for the moon,
You turned to high, Promethean agonies:
The sun hangs on the crucifix of noon
Forever, and his light is Calvary's.

The inner light amid the outer dark,
The inner life amid the outer death,
These were your strength — the sun's unshaken mark
That shines superb across the cyclone's breath.
You stood a man firm-footed on the soil—
You stood a saint bright-haloed with the soul—
You turned to hearts of humble men who toil
To find the love whereby the great suns roll.

You realizd that all our daily bread
Is Eucharist—the body and the blood
Of them that toil, broken for us: you said
That Labor is a Christ whose flesh is food.
You too took up the ancient cross of toil
And walked the humble ways of humble men;
For the first time since Francis trod earth's soil,
Men saw the Evangel born in flesh again.

* * * * *

O burning golden sun, your torrent light
Stands yet above us if we will but see!
Bring to our Continents of Dreadful Night
The morning of God's white simplicity.
Melt all our barren and terrible Age of Ice
(Not outward now, but inward of the soul),
Till where its glaciers spread bleak armistice
The roses kindle toward their crimson goal!

—E. Merrill Root.

THE TALE OF A TALE

We'll keep this secret from the trees
And eyes that glitter in the wood:
It is a pretty little tale
Told only for two people's good.

We'll keep this secret from each other,
So it can still be clean and neat;
It is a weary little tale
And calls for much to make to sweet.

We'll keep this secret from ourselves
And shrink form what it might imply:
It is a bitter little tale
And better left alone to die.

—Hope Stoddard.

LAST DAWN

When comes the homeward hour of day,
(And homeward hours come.)
And on the darkening highway
The ghostly hoofbeats drum,

Strike then the trail among the stars,
And take your golden shoes;
Take any thread to stitch your scars;
(We have not long to choose.)

And when the stars like shaken wheat
In burning showers blow,
Bind fast the shoes upon your feet
And tread the dawn like snow.

—Maud E. Uschold.

AGAIN

I held it so
Against my breast . . .
But thorns were meant to sting!
I have the scar
If nothing else
To call to mind that Spring.

Now you are gone,
The rose is dead,
It only lived an hour
Perhaps you might
Be glad to know
I've plucked another flower.

—Charles Henri Ford.



THE LINE GALE

There is exhilaration in the storm
That shakes the house and lifts the churning seas;
That bends the lashing branches of the trees
Into dark shapes, grotesque and multiform.

They sway as in the grasp of giant fists;
Rain batters from sky-hidden catapults;
While something primitive in me exults
In such a drama, such protagonists.

Dynamic action rises to its height;
The wind shrieks one long last crescendo cry;
The buskined elements stalk grimly by
Across the dim proscenium of night.

—Alice Lawry Gould.

TO NEW YORK

I too had heard how myriad galleons bring
the harvest of the nations to your throne;
and how in spires of regimented stone
a tireless swarm of little workers fling
your arms aloft. They said you could not spare
the very skies their grandeur; thru the bars
of space you caught a handful of the stars,
and tangled up the heavens in your hair.

I came a pilgrim in the mingled stream,
to touch the garment of your queenlihood;
but deep beneath your tinkling cymbals, far
and low, I heard a murmur like the scream
of death, and saw how shameless there you stood,
and knew you for the strumpet that you are.

—Glenn W. Rainey.

OPPRESSION

The heaviness of stars crowded together
Is a bright weight almost too hard to bear,
The coolness of the night minutely shattered
By pointed brilliance torturing the air.

The wind, though swift, is pricked by swifter silver,
And moans a little, knowing that the light
Glitters to hide the weight of worlds unnumbered,
Burdening the night.

—Josephine Miles.

SMOKE SCREEN

The smoke
From the bridges
I have burned
Behind me . . .
Envelops me
And brings tears
To my eyes.

—John Funk.

DON JUAN EXPLAINS

In love with love? No! It is clear to see
That love is very much in love with me!

—Henry Harrison.

PILATE BEFORE CHRIST

And from that moment Pilate sought to free Him,
Reproved the mob, and strove in His defense.
He hoped they might be pacified to see Him
Reviled and scourged and all in innocence.
Until the rabble surged at length in riot
And cast their lowering threats in Caesar's name,
While Caesar's rival! unresisting, quiet,
Would not stoop to controvert their claim.
The lips that suffered would not answer more,
Too weary to refute the vile new lies;
Yet Pilate felt his heart would break before
The steady pity in the harrowed eyes.

And Pilate, knowing that the Man was good,
Yet tried Him, and could find no cause at all
For death; but looking on Him as He stood
With head unlowered, towering kingly tall,
The ruler marveled at the clarity
Of spirit, at the unaffected grace
Of dignity. And Pilate wished that he
Had known Christ elsewhere than this judgment hall,
As when a strong man, gazing in the face
Of one yet nobler whom the fates oppose
Against him in his country's warfare, knows
That he has met and lost a dreamed of friend.

So Pilate made at last a dreary end,
And went into his chamber—wordless, grim,
Till Joseph begged the body (glad indeed
The Man had friends at least to bury Him);
Refused to guard the grave, denying heed
And loathing the pursuing cruelty
That could not, when the prey was dead, let be.

At length he fell before his gods and prayed
That he had ventured all but reason, rather
Than harm the harmless Jesus, more afraid
Because the Man had claimed a god for father.

No comfort came to help him in his dread.
The auguries were mute and all the place
Was dark as night where souls are lying dead.
He begged forgiveness that he could not find
Till on his cringing memory the face
Of Jesus flashed; grave, comradely, and kind.

—Ruth Evelyn Henderson.

SPOOK

What are you doing up there in the sky? Last night
I killed you. I stoned you with malicious words;
I meant them, then. I drove the poisoned dart
Of bitter fury, steadily into your heart
Because you spied on me! It killed you. The birds
Wept threnodies at dawn upon your flight.
Why are you up there now, silly, wagging your head?

You know I killed you utterly,—why aren't you dead?

—Dorothy Belle Flanagan.

GEORGETOWN

She drinks pale tea
From a Lowestoft cup.
Her spoon is thin,
And exquisite and old—
Like her hands.

Her sandwich is made
Of rye bread and bologna.

—Jessie Scott Arnold.

REVELATION

Once they made a puppet—
 Pulled it with a string;
Put a crown upon it—
 Called it king.

Once they made a god of
 Carven stone or wood—
Priests to advertise it
 Formed a brotherhood.

Time revealed the puppet—
 People saw the string.
Noisily they cast it out
 A rejected thing.

Then they saw the god was
 Neither god nor good—
Priests who served it fakirs—
 It but stone and wood.

—A. B. Leigh.

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

By ERNEST HARTSOCK

The Buck in the Snow, by Edna St. Vincent Millay (*Harper & Bros.* $2.00)

The first book of poems by Miss Millay in five years gives us more adequate opportunity of observing that exquisitely ironic style which has made her famous, in its later developments. There is much of the earlier cherisher of epigrams, in the Millay of this later book, as is shown in the first poem "Moriturus" or in the very effective "Hangman's Oak." But in the main, this volume appears to indicate that our author has grown slightly discursive in her more advanced days; there are fewer delicious quatrains such as "First Fig" and more of the slightly repetitious, though intricately simple, descriptive verses, like "The Cameo" in which "Forever over now, forever, forever gone . . ." reminds us considerably of Mr. Robinson, as do other verbal tricks. One can not lay aside the book, however, without feeling that here is a woman who has achieved in a manner adequately feminine, a thoroughly uncanny sophistication with words, which are as a firm silk fabric, curiously wrought in the loom of the Harp-Weaver with the endless pattern of sadness.

The Grub Street Book of Verse, 1928, Edited by Henry Harrison (*Henry Harrison.* $2.25)

The second annual appearance of the Grub Street Book of verse confirms the suspicion which originated last year, to the effect that the only really Grub Street feature was the publisher. For this year the contributors, seventy-six in number, hail from every known part of America and the poems vary almost as widely in their merit, though the general standard is reasonably high. Among the better things in the book are the poems of Thomas del Vecchio; two poems by Louis Ginsberg; several of the best recent verses of Benjamin Musser; and two selections by Philip Harding . . . No review could possibly overlook the untitled drawings by John Funk which are rather gorgeous. In format and contents the production is considerably superior to the anthology of last year.

Silver in the Sun, by Grace Noll Crowell (*P. L. Turner Co., Dallas, Tex.*)

Songs of the commonplace and the everyday, compose the second volume of poems by Mrs. Crowell, whose popular verse is familiar to

magazine readers. Typical of the virtues and of the vices which characterize the work of our women lyrists, her verse is delicate, simple, and often sentimental. When she writes of farms and cattle, grain and the moist loam, she often draws a sincere and accurate picture, much more affecting and valuable than the customary "ecstasy and lace (grace, place, face, embrace)". Her religious verse tends toward the optimistic and the facile; it is when she comes back to the gentle glamor of earth that she most succeeds.

Venus Invisible, by Nathalia Crane (*Coward-McCann, New York*)

Surviving her affection for the janitor boy, the fifteen-year old genius again indulges her naive yet complex muse in ballads, this time about everybody from Tadmor of Palmyra to Mr. Lindbergh. Replete with allusions to geography and mythology, Miss Crane's work has a definite and individual flavor of its own, indicated especially in her rolling, carefully alliterated meter, and in her odd yet very effective idiom. Her poems lack structure and perspicacity of plan, but they atone for these natural deficiencies by presenting frequent lines of sweet unconcern, fragrant as apples in autumn.

The Traveler's Book of Verse, Collected by Frederick E. Emmons and T. W. Huntington, Jr. (*Henry Holt*)

A very attractively planned collection of verses selected from prominent poets of the past and present, is this literary guide for a European itinerary. Necessarily Byron's *Childe Harold* is the *enfant terrible* which usurps the major portion of the collection; and room is made, unfortunately, for Edgar Guest, Thomas Buchanan Read, and Mr. Stoddard's Lectures. Despite these digressions from twentieth century taste, the volume is one which would doubtless be the source of considerable pleasure to the tourist who desires a concise literary setting for impressive historical spots.

The Romanesque Lyric, by Philip Schuyler Allen and Howard Mumford Jones (*Univ. of N. C. Press.* $4.50)

Appropriating from painting the term "Romanesque," to indicate the lyric which flourished from 50 to 1050 A. D., and tracing through the Dark Ages of Europe the progress of poetry, Dr. Allen has provided a guide to an almost unexplored field, and provided it in an almost definitive manner. In complete harmony with the (somewhat lengthy) explanations are the renderings of many selections into English verse of pleasant authenticity, by Howard Mumford Jones. It should be said that Mr. Jones lends more interest to his translations than does his colaborator to his prose, which is complicated and often too technical for the average layman. Had some of the energy expended in sesquipedalian

Latinism been diverted to gentle Anglo-Saxon, the effect might have been more readable. At times our author is almost Johnsonese. He may be forgiven, however, when one remembers that he is a pioneer in a complicated and hitherto unpenetrated wilderness of song.

Wind Out of Betelgeuse, by Margaret Tod Ritter (*Macmillan.* $1.25)

Despite the breezy nature of Miss Ritter's title, her work is rather warm and firm. Her condensed word-pictures of tropical scenes are distinguished by assiduous realism; and her historical sketches possess wit tempered with charm. But perhaps her best work is in the sonnets which she has labeled "Portrait Impressions." Although her sonnets are seldom noteworthy for their sophistication of structural design or for their verbal melody, they are neatly turned and frequently clever. Miss Ritter is above the average of our women poets.

The Lost Lyrist, by Elizabeth Hollister Frost (*Harper's.* $2.00)

In numerous elegiac verses of uneven quality, this gifted singer has the flavor of yew and myrtle. Although she rhymes "us" with "hush" and writes "it's" when she obviously means "its", Mrs. Frost is generally above the tremulous or maudlin in her tristesse. A number of poems such as "Tryst" prove her intellectual vigor and imaginative facility; unfortunately a number of others are inconsequential and fragmentary. But such is the quality of grief, that it often robs us of discrimination in acute values

Sonnets to Craig, by George Sterling (*Albert & Chas. Boni.* $2.00)

Prefaced by an introduction from the well-oiled pen of Upton Sinclair, these many products of the ardor of the late George Sterling for Mary Craig Sinclair indicate the felicitous diction and the sometimes extravagant nature of the California poet. To the modern ear, the outpouring of a lady's virtues in over a hundred amatory sonnets is likely to be slightly wearisome, especially when the sonnets tend to be identical in theme. The archaisms, and the sometimes obviously stilted formality of Sterling's medium transport us to former ages when rhetoric was in better repute than now; yet there are numerous lines of impressive exaltation and feverish intensity in the poems, if one but seeks to find them Oddly enough the publishers have used a format equally difficult for the modern reader to accept, in preparing the volume; the print is blurred and the paper murky. Let us hope for better format from this new firm of old publishers.

Sky-Rider, by Wade Oliver (*Mosher Press.* $1.50 *net*)

Dr. Oliver's new collection of verse presents his regular, soft, well-modulated poems about nature and people, with occasional and pleasantly

gratifying disgressions into realism, as in his sonnet "Amazon Backwater." Perhaps there is too much of "loveliness under the stars" yet in his lyrics; and the "Stratford Sketches" with their sharp, quaint, mordant echoes of Shakespeare's songs are successful because they depart from the "pale yellow roses" of much minor American verse. Dr. Oliver's work has perceptibly improved, and appears to have the elements of genuine emotion snared in its smooth phrases.

Lectures on Egyptian Art, by Jean Capart (*Univ. of N. C. Press.* $5.00)

Prepared in the excellent format which typifies the work of this leading Southern press, these profusely illustrated lectures are of decided interest, though slightly desultory in sections. For the reader desiring accurate information about Egypt, however, this volume will be found both readable and authoritative. We recommend it.

Two Dean Books (*Dean & Co., New York*)

In *Dream Cargoes* we have aspiration without fulfillment; the author, David W. Cade, although rich in experience among strange peoples, has no tongue for meter, apparently no ear for rhythm, and no eye for apostrophes. Even if his technique is sadly amiss, Mr. Cade does have a more authentic impulse than do many of the poets in *Modern Poems for Special Days,* edited by Margarette Ball Dickson; for those who like sentimental verses about Santa Claus, Our Flag, and Missouri, such a collection is perhaps justifiable. But occasional verse is hardly ever good poetry.

The Chaff of Life, by George Otis Schoonhoven (*Harold Vinal, Ltd.*)

The posthumous collection of animated verse by this talented young man, indicates a mind of such lively character that his untimely death may be justly accused of depriving American light verse of a meritorious new voice. His serious efforts, like Dorothy Parker's, are rather dull beside his witty, resilient bits of humor.

BOZART LYRIC CONTEST

The $25 contest for the best rhymed lyric of not less than eight nor more than twelve lines published in BOZART during the year 1928, closes with this issue. A second prize of books is also offered, aggregating $10 in value. Complete results of this contest will be announced in the next issue of the magazine, ready January 1st, 1929.

BOZART SATIRE CONTEST

Ernest Hartsock, THE BOZART PRESS, offers a prize of $25 for the best satiric poem of not more than forty lines, written in the Heroic Couplet (iambic pentameter, rhyming), and dealing with a contemporary American scene. Only poems accepted and published in Volume Two of BOZART, September, 1928—July, 1929, are eligible for this award.